



COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

No. 16

10¢



In this issue:



Another exciting
adventure of the
GHOST RIDER!



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TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM



TIM grins at young Jimmy Mackenzie on the set of "Masked Raiders," and gets a nice grin back. Notice Jimmy's two guns.



RODEO hands watch the contests in the arena, but Tim and Chito, standing near one of the chutes, have private business.



READY to grab, as the badman aims to fire, is Chito Rafferty. The rifle may go off, but the bullet won't hit anyone!

TIM HOLT

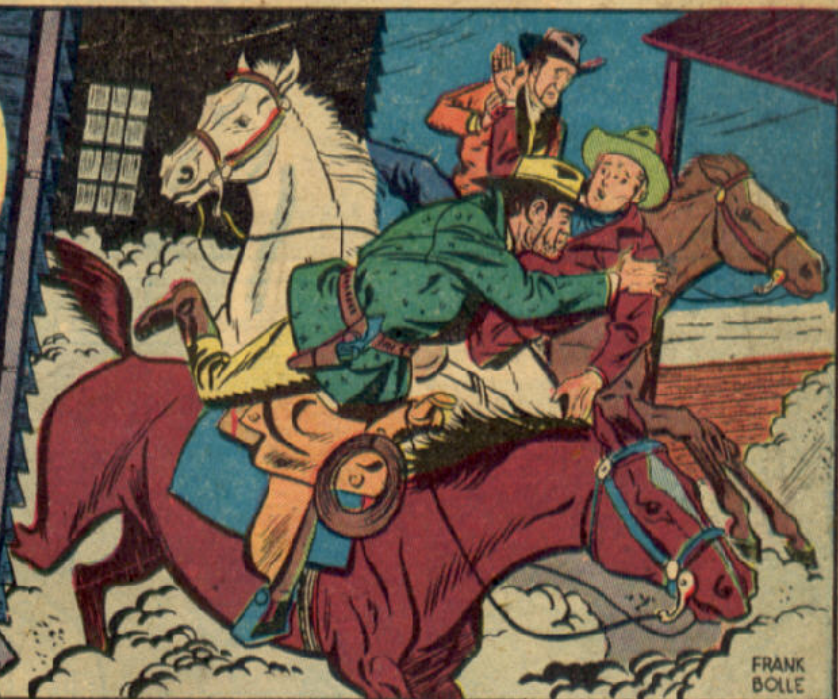
TIM HOLT



in "TERROR'S TREASURE!"

WHEN CLIFF PARKER RODE DOWN FROM THE HOGBACK HILLS INTO SUNSET, HE BROUGHT WITH HIM A PIECE OF PAPER. IT WAS OLD AND STAINED, AND ON IT WAS A SCRAWL THAT SPELLED DEATH TO HIM...

AS HE PASSED A SHADOWED ALLEYWAY, TWO HORSES THUNDERED DOWN ON HIM, AND TWO MEN—SIXGUNS IN THEIR HANDS—DOVE STRAIGHT AT HIM...



FRANK BOLLE

IN A HOTEL ROOM, TIM HOLT WHIRLS TOWARD A WINDOW. HIS EYES STRAIN INTO THE NIGHT...

CHITO! COME HERE—
THERE'S A FIGHT DOWN
BELOW! TWO MEN
AGAINST A YOUNG
COWHAND!

THOSE ARE
ODDS I DON'T
LIKE!



TIM HOLT



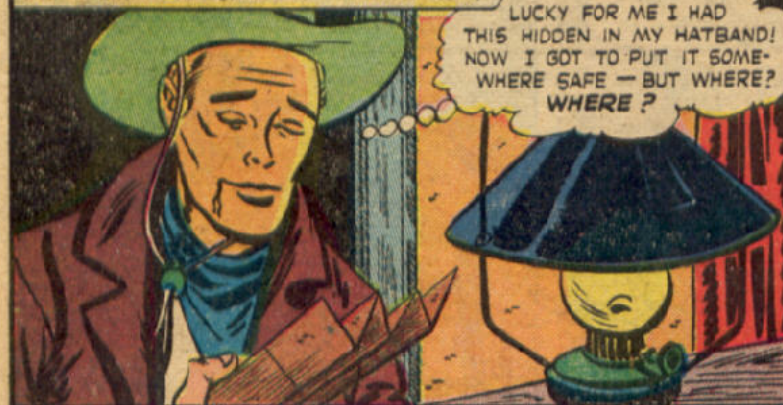
TIM'S SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT DRIVES WIND AND REASON FROM THE BAD HATS! THEN, IN THE DUST OF THE ALLEY, TIM'S FISTS HIT LIKE PILEDRIVERS!



AND OFF TO ONE SIDE, TERROR MARKED PLAIN ON HIS YOUNG FACE, CLIFF PARKER SPRINGS TO HIS FEET AND— RUNS!



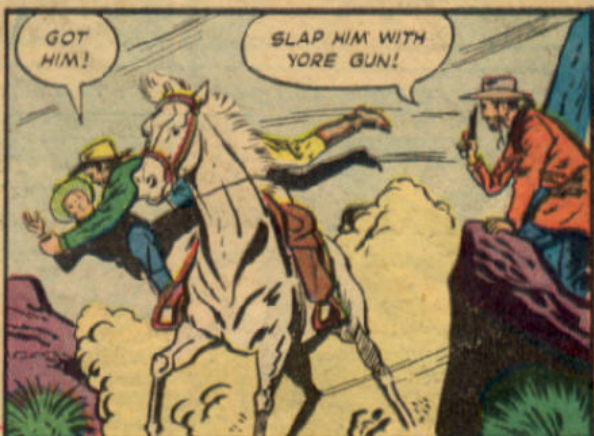
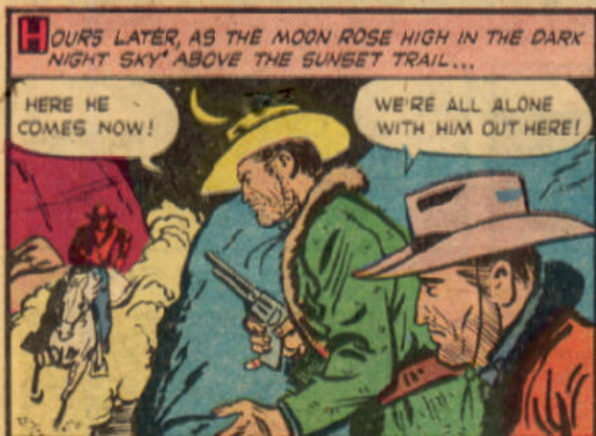
SOME MINUTES LATER, IN A LITTLE ROOM AT A SMALL HOTEL AT THE FAR END OF SUNSET'S MAIN STREET, CLIFF PARKER SMOOTHS OUT A WRINKLED SHEET OF PARCHMENT...



DOWN ON THE STREET, TIM AND CHITO WATCH THE DISGRUNTLED BAD HATS WALK AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS...



TIM HOLT

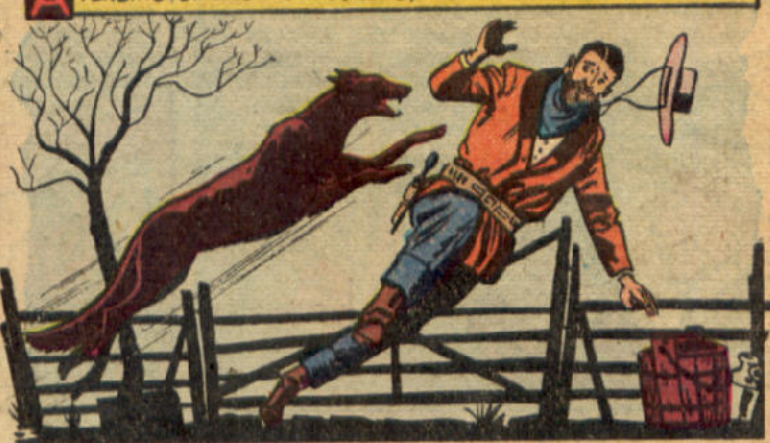


TIM HOLT

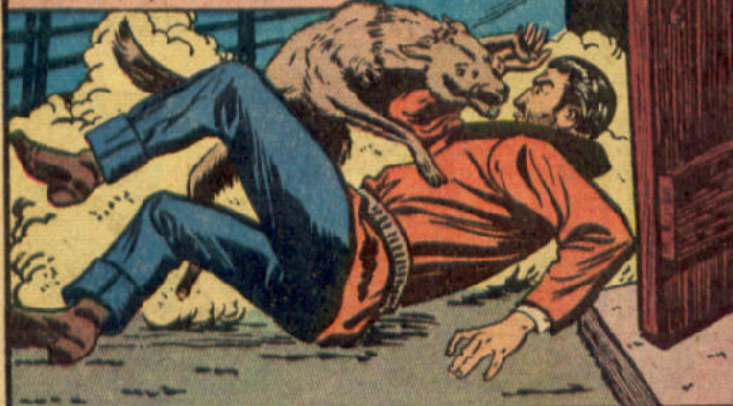
A THE WOLF-DOG, THUNDER, DROWSES BEFORE THE CRACKLING PINE KNOTS IN THE T BARN RANCH HOUSE FIREPLACE, HIS KEEN EARS LIFT. A GROWL RUMBLES IN HIS THROAT...



A TENSING OF MIGHTY MUSCLES, A LEAP OF FURRED FURY...



OVER AND OVER MAN AND BEAST ROLL! THEY FIGHT SAVAGELY, BUT SILENTLY...



HOLD HIM STILL, DAN! I'LL PLUG HIM!

YOU'LL DO NO PLUGGING ON THIS RANCH, HOMBRE!



COVER THE OTHER ONE, CHITO!

EET SEEMS THUNDER EES FOR BE DOING THAT, TIM!



RECKON WE'LL ALL BE TAKING A RIDE INTO TOWN...TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

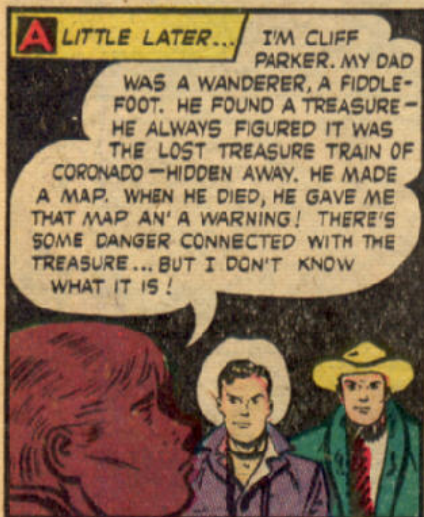
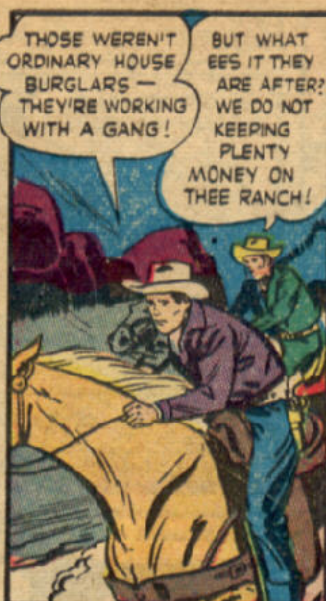


ON THE WAY TO TOWN...

LOOKS LIKE DAN AN' LEM FAILED!

GIT THE HOMBRES WHO CAPTURED 'EM!





TIM HOLT

DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE HILLS BEYOND BUFFALO FLATS RIDE THE THREE TREASURE-SEEKERS. DAWN FINDS THEM WALKING THEIR MOUNTS UP A NARROW TRAIL IN THE RIPSAP RANGE...

NOT A SIGN OF ANYONE FOLLOWING. LOOKS LIKE WE GAVE THEM THE SHAKE ...

ACROSS THE BROAD, FLAT MERCURY RIVER, THEN ONTO THE SALT FLATS. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIPSAPS...

WE GOT TO HIT UP THROUGH THE BADLANDS, THEN CUT OVER TOWARD GHOST MOUNTAIN!

THAT'S ANOTHER THREE, FOUR DAYS TRAVEL. LET'S KEEP MOVING!

BEHIND THEM, FOLLOWING A PAIR OF BLOODHOUNDS—

HIRIN' THESE HOUNDS WAS THE BEST IDEA WE HAD YET! WHEN HOLT GAVE US THE SLIP, I FIGGERED WE WAS OUT IN THE COLD... BUT NOT ANYMORE!

MENACING GUNS ARE THE PASSPORTS TO FRESH MOUNTS AT A WAYSIDE STAGECOACH TAVERN...

WE AIN'T **STEALIN'** THESE SADDLERS— WE'RE EXCHANGIN' OUR WORN-OUT BRONCS FOR YORES...

AND THEN, TOWARD SUNSET OF THE FOURTH DAY AWAY FROM THE T-BAR-H HOME RANGE...

THEY'RE FIXIN' CHOW!

LET 'EM EAT, AN' GIT SOME SLEEP. WE DON'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH THET HOLT HOMBRE IF WE DON'T HAVE TO. HE'S **POISON** WITH A COLT...

AS THE STARS WINK INTO BRILLIANCE IN THE SKY, CLIFF AND CHITO DRAW THEIR SLEEPING BAGS OVER THEM, BUT TIM PATROLS THE LITTLE CAMP...

WHILE HE'S TURNED AWAY, I'LL MAKE MY CAST!

RECKON THIS WAY WE CAN HANDLE HIM—

THUDD!

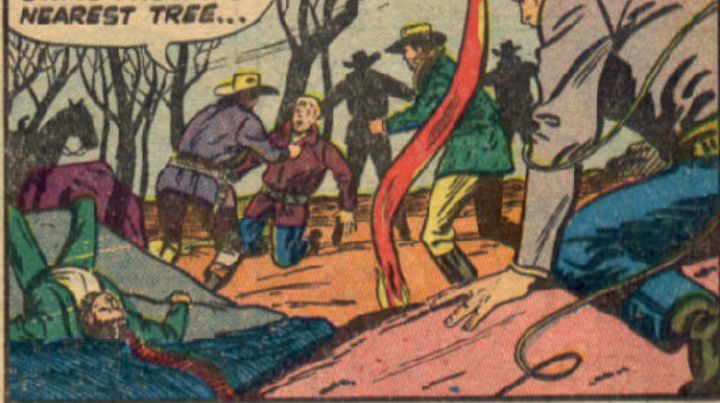
TIM HOLT

AS TIM STRUGGLES AGAINST THE POUNDING ACHES IN HIS HEAD AND THE RUBBERY FEELING IN HIS KNEES, THE BAD HATS LEAP ON CHITO AND CLIFF...

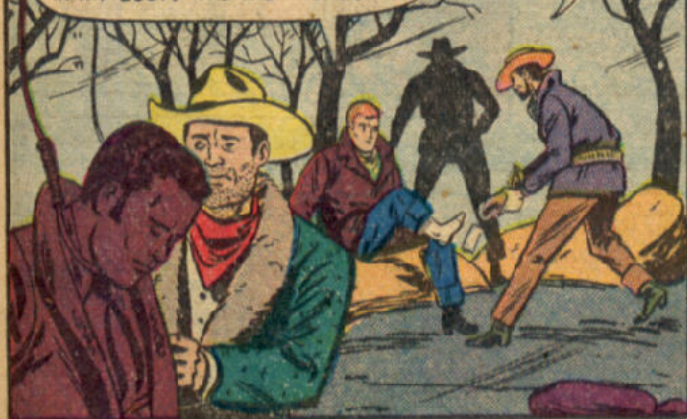


THE MAP'S SOMEWHERE IN CAMP! FIND IT!

WHERE IS IT, HOMBRE? IF YUH DON'T ANSWER, YOU AN' YO'RE PARDS EWING FROM THE NEAREST TREE...



NO! NO! I CAN'T LET ANY HARM COME TO CHITO... THE MAP'S IN MY BOOT! THE RIGHT ONE!



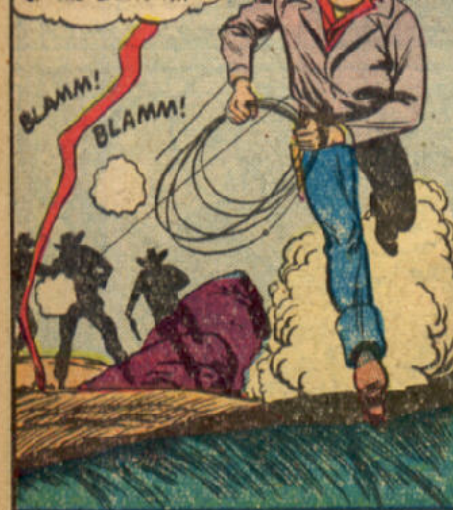
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

BUT AS THE BOOT IS PULLED OFF, AND THE MAP WITHDRAWN...



I'LL TAKE THAT...

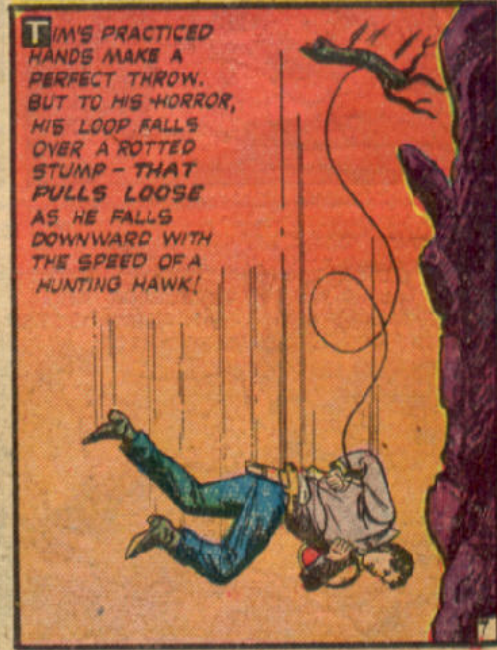
GOT TO GET MY BALANCE! MAYBE I CAN OUTRUN THEM - TO THE EDGE OF THE CANYON...



GOT TO RISK A THROW!



TIM'S PRACTICED HANDS MAKE A PERFECT THROW. BUT TO HIS HORROR, HIS LOOP FALLS OVER A ROTTEN STUMP - THAT PULLS LOOSE AS HE FALLS DOWNWARD WITH THE SPEED OF A HUNTING HAWK!



TIM HOLT

AND THEN, WITH A FORCEFUL JERK THAT ALMOST SNAPS TIM'S HANDS FROM HIS ROPE, THE STUMP CATCHES ON A PROTRUDING ROCK—

GOT TO... GET BACK UP... SOON AS I CAN! THOSE OWLHOOTS WILL BE HUNTING MY DEAD BODY... FOR THE MAP I TOOK... ON THE CANYON FLOOR...

AY DI MI! TIM! YOU ARE BEING ALIVE!

YUH WENT OVER THAT CLIFF LIKE A ROCK!

I HAD TO TAKE A CHANCE. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY! NOW—LET'S RIDE!

DAY AFTER DAY, THE TRIO RACE THROUGH THE TIMBER BELT. BEHIND THEM, TRAVELLING AS FAST, COME MEN WHOSE BRAINS BLAZE WITH ONE THOUGHT—

AS SOON AS WE SIGHT THEM—WE START SHOOTIN'! AN' MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!

UGGHHH...

DRYGULCHER!

STOP! DON'T SHOOT ANYMORE! YOU CAN HAVE THE MAP!

SOME HOURS LATER, AFTER CLIFF HAS WORKED OVER TIM AND CHITO WITHOUT REST...

YOU GAVE UP THE MAP TO SAVE OUR LIVES, CLIFF?

SURE! THAT TREASURE AIN'T WORTH YOU AND CHITO BEING KILLED! NO TREASURE IS!

—WHEW— THAT BULLET MUST'VE HURT ME MORE THAN I THOUGHT! I'M DIZZY! THE GROUND IS SWINGING BACK AND FORTH... GOT TO GRAB ROCK... STEADY MYSELF!

TIM HOLT

STILL DIZZY, TIM CLIMBS WITH CHITO AND CLIFF, UP THE SLOPES OF GHOST MOUNTAIN. FAR AHEAD OF THEM, ENTERING THE MOUTH OF THE TREASURE CAVE, ARE THE OUTLAWS...

THEY FOUND IT! LOOK! THEY'RE GOIN' IN!

I'M NOT MUCH HELP TO YOU. I'M GETTING ANOTHER OF THESE DIZZY SPELLS!



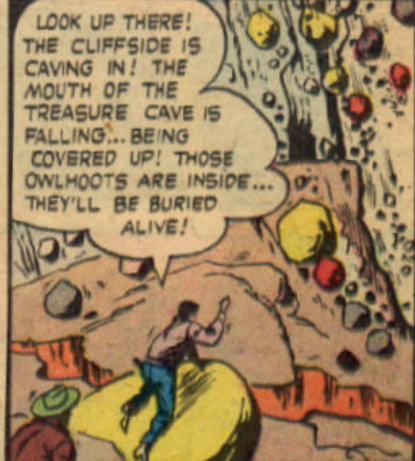
EFF YOU ARE BE DEEZY, SO AM I!

DIZZY? NO WONDER I FELT DIZZY! THIS IS AN **EARTHQUAKE!** THIS IS THE DANGER CLIFF'S DAD WARNED ABOUT! WE'RE IN EARTHQUAKE TERRITORY!

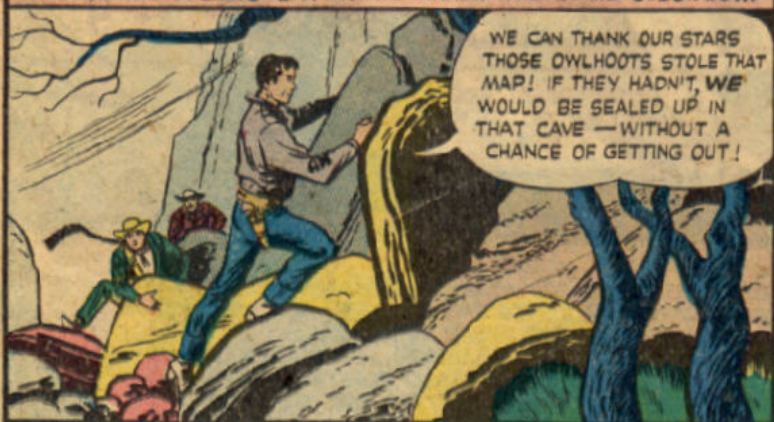


AS IF ALIVE, THE GROUND SWELLS AND HUMPS BENEATH TIM'S FEET! GAPING CRACKS IN THE GROUND OPEN... THEN CLOSE! HELPLESS BEFORE THE FURY OF NATURE, TIM AND CHITO AND CLIFF PARKER CROUCH ON THE GROUND.

LOOK UP THERE! THE CLIFFSIDE IS CAVING IN! THE MOUTH OF THE TREASURE CAVE IS FALLING... BEING COVERED UP! THOSE OWLHOOTS ARE INSIDE... THEY'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!



FOR HELPLESS MINUTES, TIM CAN ONLY CLING TO DIRT AND HOPE THAT HE AND HIS COMPANIONS WILL NOT BE SWEEPED INTO THE MAW OF THE OPENING EARTH. AND FINALLY THE QUAKE SUBSIDES...



WE CAN THANK OUR STARS THOSE OWLHOOTS STOLE THAT MAP! IF THEY HADN'T, WE WOULD BE SEALED UP IN THAT CAVE—WITHOUT A CHANCE OF GETTING OUT!

AS IT IS, WE CAN FREE THEM, TIE THEM UP AND TAKE THEM TO THE NEAREST SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

AN' CLEEF CAN HAVE HEES TREASURE FOR HEES MOTHAIRE AN' HEES SEESTERS!



EARLY THE NEXT DAY, THE MEEK AND TERRIFIED OUTLAWS FILE FROM THE RE-OPENED CAVE-MOUTH...

WE'RE FINISHED! BEIN' IN THERE WHEN THE QUAKE STARTED—CURED ME OF TREASURE-HUNTIN' PERMANENTLY!

ME TOO!



WITH THEIR PRISONERS TIED, TIM AND CHITO AND CLIFF PARKER FINALLY STAND SPELLBOUND BEFORE GOAL'S END—THE LOST TREASURE TRAIN OF THE SPANISH CONQUISTADORE, CORONADO!

IT'S A KING'S RANSOM!

NOW MOM AN' MY SISTERS WILL HAVE WHAT THEY'VE ALWAYS WANTED...NICE CLOTHES...A GOOD HOME...PLENTY TO EAT... THANKS TO YOU, TIM!



THE END

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

AND THE
"BADLAND BRAVES!"



UP FROM TEXAS AND ARIZONA, DRAGGING ALONG FOR WEARY WEEKS AND MILES OF TRAVEL, COME THE ROAD-BRANDED TRAIL HERDS OF THE SOUTHWESTERN RANCHES. ACROSS SWOLLEN RIVERS AND THROUGH MADDENING DUST STORMS, INTO INDIAN TERRITORY...
AND THERE, WHAT SEEM TO BE PAINTED KIWAS...OR COMANCHES...OR OSAGES...OR ARAPAHOS...FALL WITH ULULATING SCREAMS AND TWANGING BOWS AND BLASTING RIFLES ON THE RIDERS. NO MERCY IS SHOWN, THE FALSE INDIANS WANT CATTLE, AND THEY TAKE THEM, WHOEVER STANDS IN THEIR PATH — **DIES!**

WHEN RAID AFTER RAID CASTS A PALL OF TERROR ACROSS THE WESTERN TRAIL, THE FIFTH CAVALRY MOVES AGAINST THE REAL INDIANS. ON A BRIGHT MAY MORNING, A RIFLE CRACKS FROM A COTTONWOOD GROVE...



HU! HU! BLUECOATS
SHOOT! HU!



BLASTED
INJUNS!

STEAL WHITE
MEN'S CATTLE,
WILL YUH?

KILLER WHITE
MEN! KILL FOR
NO REASON!

KA-GIA!
WE KIWAS
WILL DO
THE SAME!

TIM HOLT

ON A LITTLE HILL, BITTERNESS
TWISTING HIS FIRM YOUNG LIPS, STANDS
CHUL-LE-LILLO, CHILD CHIEF OF THE
KIOWA NATION...

TO THE ROCKS, MY PEOPLE! INTO
THE HILLS! THERE THE
BLUECOATS WILL
NEVER FIND US!



ED. NOTE: SEE "KIOWA DEATH TRAP," IN TIM HOLT, ISSUE 11.

WARCLUB AND
SABRE MEET IN
MID-AIR, AS HATE-
SAVAGE MEN REEL
AND STRUGGLE
ACROSS THE DUSTY
PLAINS! SLOWLY,
THE KIOWAS DIS-
ENGAGE THEM-
SELVES FROM
THE FIFTH
CAVALRY...

FALL BACK!
FALL BACK!



HERE AND THERE IN THE ROCKS, SOME STAND AND FIGHT...

BLUECOATS GO
NO FURTHER!

STOP RIGHT
HERE!



...WHILE THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THE
TRIBE FLEES BETWEEN TWO TALL CLIFF-
SIDES!

MY FRIEND, TIM HOLT, WILL
HELP CHUL-LE-LILLO AND
HIS RACE. TIM IS
HONEST. HE WILL
POINT OUT TO BLUE
COATS THEIR MISTAKE...



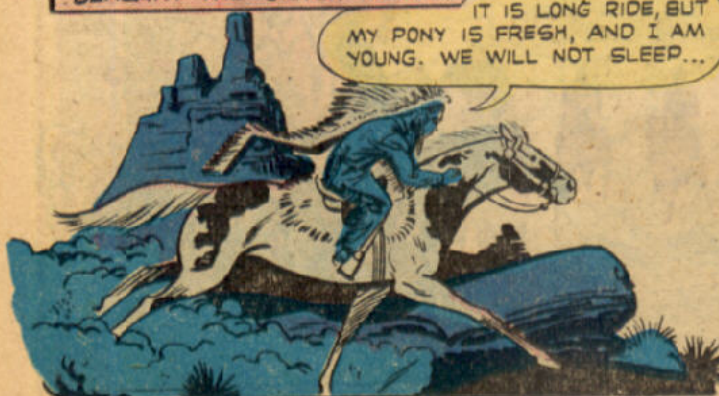
CLEVERLY, DROPPING BACK, ONE BY ONE, THE KIOWAS BREAK
OFF THE FIGHT. THEY DROP BACK AS THEIR BEST SHARP-
SHOOTERS PIN THE BLUECOATS TO THE ROCKS UNTIL ALL
HAVE FLED...

THE INJUNS ARE LIKE GOATS ON
THESE ROCKS! WE SLIP AN' SLIDE, BUT
IT'S LIKE HOME TO THEM!



THAT NIGHT A SINGLE FIGURE FLIES LIKE THE WIND
BENEATH THE SILVER MOON...

IT IS LONG RIDE, BUT
MY PONY IS FRESH, AND I AM
YOUNG. WE WILL NOT SLEEP...



AND SO, ONE MORNING AT THE CORRAL
GATE OF THE T BAR H...

IS GOOD SEE
MY WHITE
BROTHER...

WHY—IT'S
CHARLEY HELLO!
GRAB HIM, SOME-
BODY! HE'S KEELING
OVER!



TIM HOLT

AFTER A FOURTEEN-HOUR SLEEP, CHARLEY HELLO TALKS BETWEEN BITES AT A THREE POUND STEAK... HMMM!

THAT IS HOW IT IS, TIM. MY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN DRIVEN FROM THEIR HUNTING GROUNDS. THE BLUECOATS HUNT THEM DOWN. YET WE ARE INNOCENT. WE NEVER RUSTLED THOSE STEERS!

RECKON I'D BETTER RIDE BACK WITH YOU, CHARLEY — THE SOONER, THE BETTER!



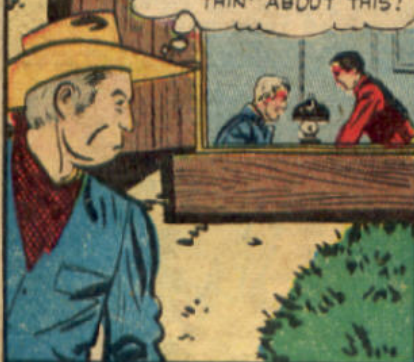
SOME DAYS LATER, IN THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S QUARTERS AT FORT HATCHET...

CHUL-LE-LILLO, OR CHARLEY HELLO, AS I CALL HIM — IS A FRIEND, COLONEL! HIS KIWAS ARE PEACEFUL. I RAISED CHARLEY FOR A YEAR OR TWO AT MY RANCH. I KNOW!



OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, OPEN BECAUSE OF THE HEAT...

HE'S TALKIN' THE COLONEL OUT OF HIS CAMPAIGN TO TOSS THEM KIWAS INTO THE RESERVATION! HUH! RECKON I GOT TO DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS!



THIS LARIAT WITH THE HONDA HAVIN' HOLT'S RANCH BRAND ON IT DUGHT TO DO THE TRICK...



SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE PAWNEE BEND MOUNTAINS...

GIT INSIDE, BOYS. WE GOT A JOB TO DO!



HOLT TALKED THE COLONEL OUT OF HIS CAMPAIGN! THAT MEANS WE GOT TO GIT HIM RILED AGAIN! IF THE COLONEL THINKS INJUNS STOLE THEM CATTLE — WE'RE SAFE!



AS LONG AS HE'S IN THE FIELD HUNTING KIWAS, HE WON'T BOTHER US. SO IT'S OUR JOB TO MAKE HIM THINK HOLT LIED — THAT HOLT IS WORKIN' WITH THE KIWAS... MEBBE COLLECTIN' STEERS FER HIS RANCH...

LET'S RIDE!



TIM HOLT

IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE NEXT MORNING, THE WHITE MEN—CLAD AS WAR-PAINTED KIOWA WARRIORS, RAID ANOTHER TRAIL HERD...



KIA! KIA!
KIA!

UGGGH!



WHEN THEY FIND THIS, THEY'LL BE SURE IT WAS HOLT AND HIS KIOWA PALS WHO RUSTLED THESE STEERS!



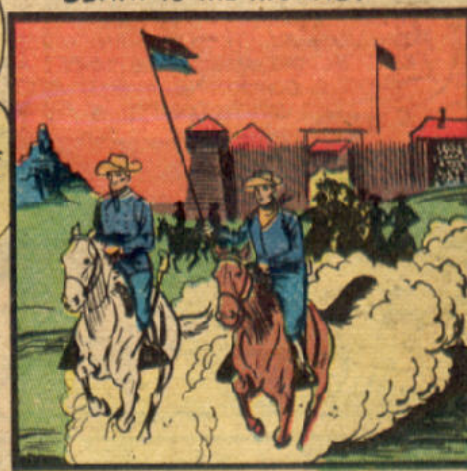
AS KIP FILLEY HAD FORESEEN... SOME HOURS LATER, AT FORT HATCHET...

THERE'S NO DOUBT, SIR. IT'S HOLT'S LARIAT, ALL RIGHT. LOOKS LIKE HE TRICKED US!

ORDER THE BUGLER TO SOUND 'TO HORSE!', LIEUTENANT! I'LL FIX THOSE RENEGADES IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!

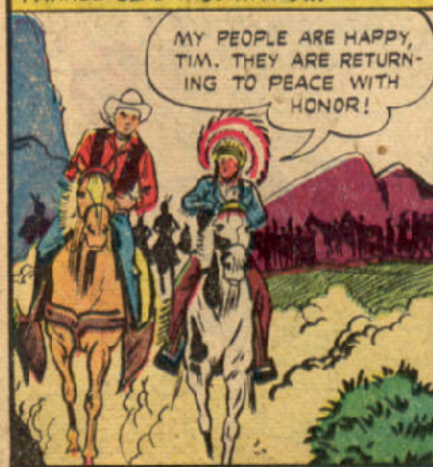


LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, THE FIFTH CAVALRY TROTS FROM THE PARADE GROUNDS, GUIDONS FLAPPING IN THE BREEZE, RIFLES POLISHED, SABRES CLANKING. THE ORDER—DEATH TO THE KIOWAS!



AT THAT MOMENT, MOVING DOWN FROM THE ROCKY BADLANDS OF THE PAWNEE BEND MOUNTAINS...

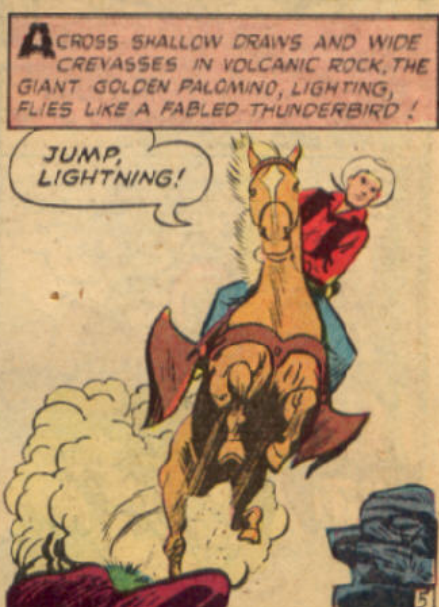
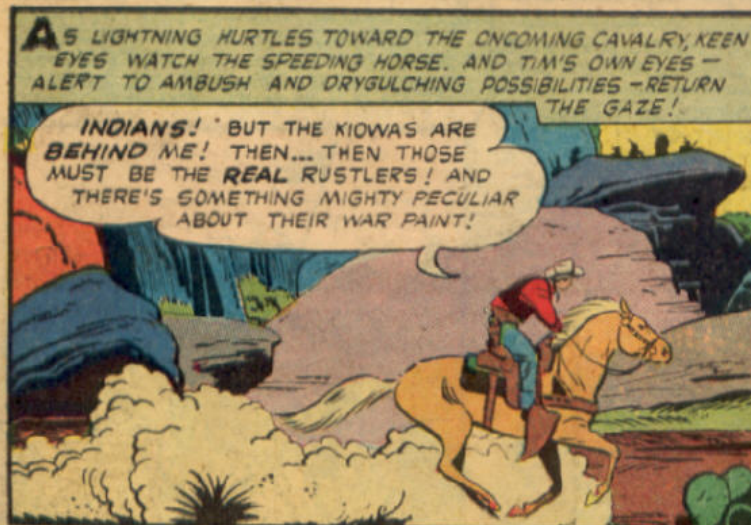
MY PEOPLE ARE HAPPY, TIM. THEY ARE RETURNING TO PEACE WITH HONOR!



THIS WILL HERALD A NEW RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN YOUR PEOPLE AND THE BLUECOATS, CHARLEY. NOW THE KIOWAS HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR. NOTHING!



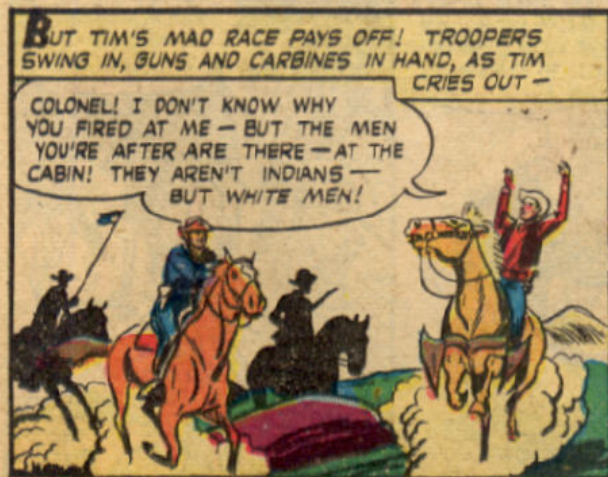
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



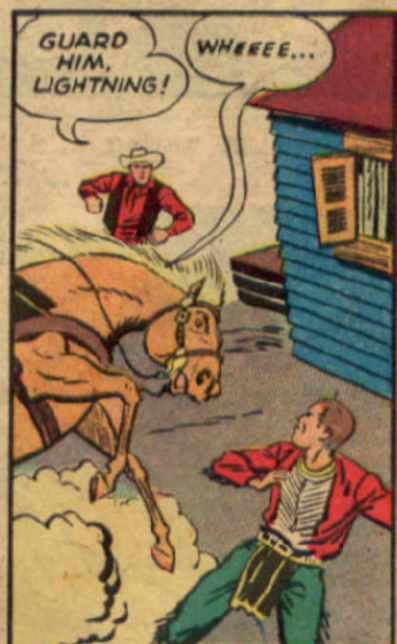
AND THEN, AS THE WHITE MEN TURN TO FACE THEIR PERSISTENT PURSUER —



TIM HOLT



AS THE CLARION CALL OF THE BUGLE RINGS OUT IN THE STILL AFTER-NOON AIR, A THIN LINE OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY BURSTS FROM THE TREES...AND WITH THEM RIDES TIM HOLT!



THE DANCING HOOVES OF THE GREAT STALLION SHAKE THE TRUTH FROM KIP FILLEY'S LOOSE LIPS...IN A BROKEN, SOBBING VOICE...AS TIM AND COLONEL BRADSHAW STAND OVER HIM...

I STOLE HOLT'S LARIAT AN' PLANTED IT SO IT'D BE FOUND. BUT HIS HORSE RE- COGNIZED ME AS THE ONE WHO STOLE IT...AN' HOLT WAS SMART ENOUGH TO REALIZE THAT! I FIGGERED HOLT AN' THEM KIWAS WOULD BE DEAD 'BOUT NOW... AN ME AN' THE BOYS WOULD HAVE THEM CATTLE ALL TO OURSELVES...



THE END

TIM HOLT

the GHOST RIDER



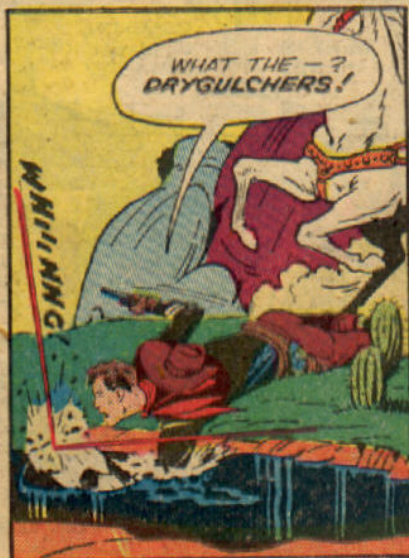
OUT OF THE GREED AND FURY THAT WAS THE OLD WEST SOUNDS THE GALLOPING HOOVES OF A GREAT WHITE STALLION, AND ON HIS BACK A GLOWING FIGURE — GHOSTLY, WEIRD, SPECTRAL! FROM THE THROATS OF GOLD-GREEDY MEN, FROM THE RAW LIPS OF KILLERS AND OUTLAWS — A CRY OF FEAR RISES SHRILLY! THEY KNOW THIS MAN! THEY KNOW HIM FOR —

THE GHOST OF THE GHOST TOWN!

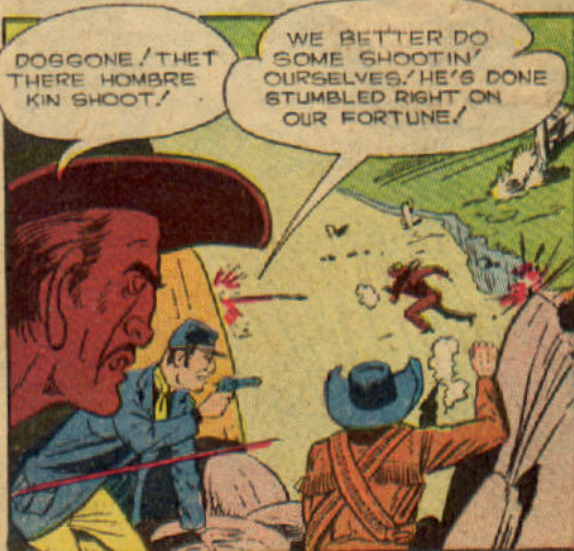


DICK AYERS

ON AN EARLY SPRING MORNING, REX FURY REINS IN AFTER A HOT TRIP ACROSS THE SUN-ROASTED SANDS OF A SOUTHWESTERN DESERT. AS MAN AND MOUNT SIP THE COOL WATERS OF A SPRING, A WINCHESTER SPANGS A BULLET OFF A ROCK!



WHAT THE — ? DRYGULCHERS!



DOGGONE! THET THERE HOMBRE KIN SHOOT!

WE BETTER DO SOME SHOOTIN' OURSELVES. HE'S DONE STUMBLED RIGHT ON OUR FORTUNE!

TIM HOLT



HUH! THEY'RE MIGHTY PERSISTENT! RECKON I'VE STEPPED ON SOMEBODY'S TOES — OR MAYBE SOMEBODY'S HOLED UP HERE FROM THE LAW AND KNOWS I'M A FEDERAL MARSHAL ...!



DIG DIRT, SPECTRE! FIRST THING YOU KNOW THOSE HOMBRES WILL SURROUND ME — AN' I'LL HAVE TO **KILL** ONE OF THEM!

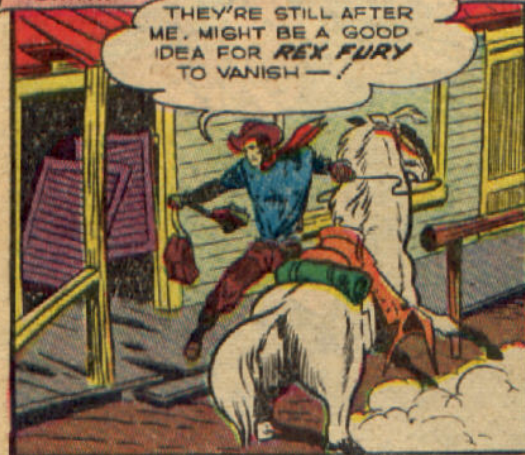


BUT AS THE POWERFUL WHITE STALLION FLEES, THE THUNDER OF DISTANT HOOFS BEATS ECHOES HIS OWN ...

SHADES OF NIGHT! THEY'RE SURE PERSISTENT! WHAT DID WE EVER DO TO THEM, SPECTRE! WELL, IF THEY WANT TO RUN — WE'LL SET A FAST PACE!

— AND IN HIS PLACE — WILL APPEAR —

MAN AND HORSE RACE MADLY ACROSS THE WASTELANDS, UNTIL, AT DUSK, SPECTRE'S HOOFS BRAKE TO A GLIDING HALT BEFORE AN ABANDONED SALOON IN A DISMAL GHOST TOWN ...



THEY'RE STILL AFTER ME. MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA FOR **REX FURY** TO VANISH —



THE GHOST RIDER!

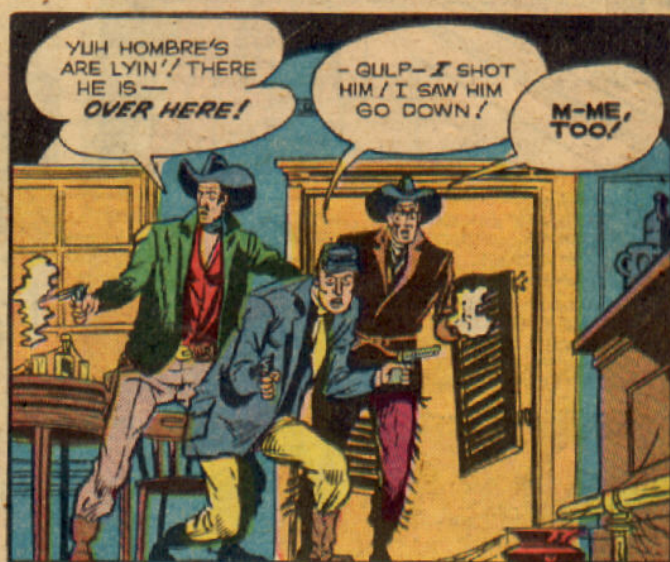


HE WENT IN HERE!

COME ON! WE'LL SMOKE HIM OUT!

CARRY HIM OUT, YUH MEAN!

MESA SALOON



TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE COW TOWN OF TEN MILE, PRETTY STELLA LARSEN IS TALKING OF THAT SAME GHOST TOWN...

LARSEN, HUH? ANY RELATION TO OLD ED LARSEN WHO USED TO OWN A HOTEL OVER IN BLUE MESA, THE GHOST TOWN...

I'M HIS NIECE. I INHERITED THE SALOON THERE, AND THE LAND AROUND IT.

INHERITED THE SALOON? SAY—YUH AIN'T FIGGERIN' ON GOIN' THERE, ARE YUH? THEY SAY IT'S **HAUNTED**. THREE RIDERS CAME IN LAST NIGHT SHAKIN' 'CAUSE THEY SEEN A GHOST—A REAL LIVE GHOST!

NONSENSE, SIR! BUT THANK YOU, ANYHOW.

YUH HEAR THET? SHE'S HEADED OUT TO THAT TOWN!

A GHOST I DON'T MIND SO MUCH. WE DON'T WANT WHAT WE DO. BUT SHE WILL—'CAUSE SHE OWNS IT!

WELL, LET'S HIGHTAIL IT AFTER HER! WE CAN GET RID OF A FEMALE, EASY!



UNSEEN AND UNHEARD BY THE THREE GUN-SLICKS, REX FURY MOVES FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE HOTEL...

RECKON IT WON'T BE EASY AS IT SEEMS, GENTS. I THINK THE GHOST RIDER WILL BE SASHAYING BACK TO THE GHOST TOWN—RIGHT PRONTO!

MINUTES LATER, IN THE ASSAY OFFICE OF TEN MILE...

DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU FOUND IT, FURY! BUT FILE CLAIM ON IT, QUICKLY! THAT STUFF ASSAYS TWO THOUSAND IN GOLD TO THE TON, AND FOUR THOUSAND IN SILVER!

WHEWW! JUST LIKE VIRGINIA CITY IN NEVADA, HUH? NO WONDER THOSE THREE HOMBRES WERE SO TRIGGER-HAPPY WHEN THEY SAW ME DRINKING WATER RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR FORTUNE!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE DESERT MOON RISES OVER THE GHOST TOWN OF BLUE MESA, THREE DARK FORMS DART ACROSS THE SILVERED STREET...

SHE'S INSIDE, ALL RIGHT!

YEAH! THE LIGHT JUST WENT OUT. SHE'LL SCARE PLENTY WHEN BULLETS START SINGIN' AROUND HER PURTY EARS!

THREE COLT REVOLVERS LEVEL. THREE FINGERS CROOK AND TIGHTEN ON THREE TRIGGERS. FRAMED IN THE GUNS' SIGHTS IS STELLA LARSEN—



TIM HOLT



YEEOOO!!!

A-A-A HAND JUST FLOATIN' THERE IN THE AIR!



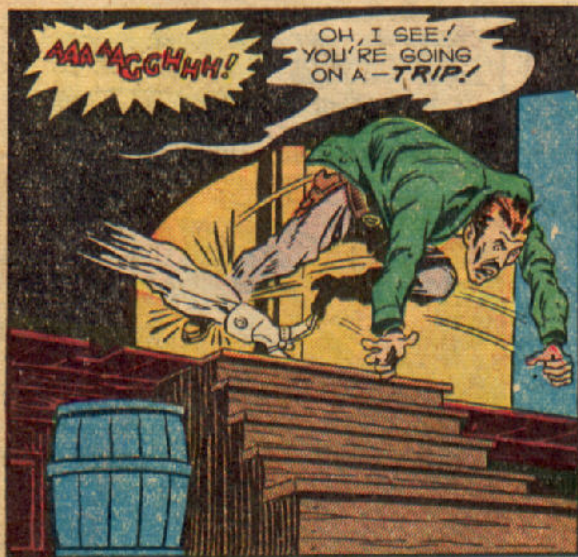
THUD!

NOT JUST A HAND! A HAND - WITH A CLUB!



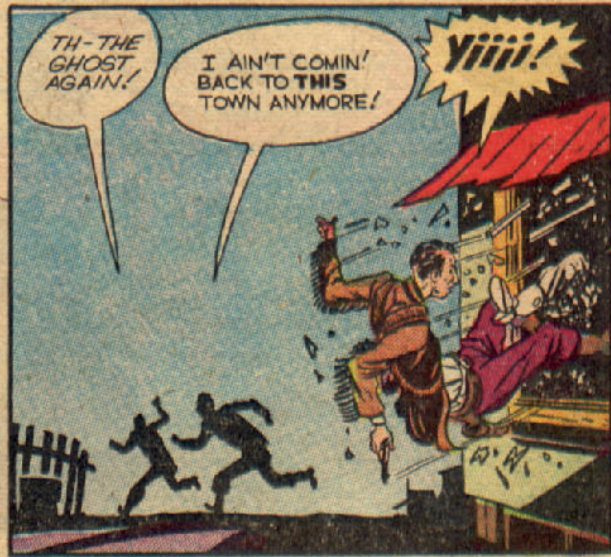
I'M GETTIN' OUT O' HERE! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THET WOMAN WAS A GHOST, TOO!

ARE YOU GOING SOMEPLACE HOMBRE?



AAAAGGHHH!

OH, I SEE! YOU'RE GOING ON A TRIP!



TH-THE GHOST AGAIN!

I AIN'T COMIN' BACK TO THIS TOWN ANYMORE!

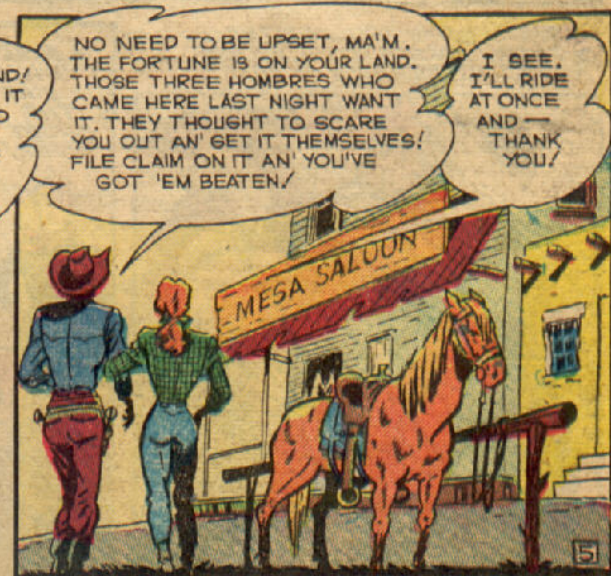
Yiiii!



NEXT MORNING -

THAT'S RIGHT, MA'M! I FOUND BLUE CLAY AND HAD IT ASSAYED. IT ADDS UP TO A FORTUNE - AND IT'S ALL YOURS!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF YOU FOUND IT... ISN'T IT YOURS? THERE WAS SO MUCH EXCITEMENT LAST NIGHT - I'M SURE THREE MEN CAME INTO MY ROOM... BUT... I'M ALL UPSET!



NO NEED TO BE UPSET, MA'M. THE FORTUNE IS ON YOUR LAND. THOSE THREE HOMBRES WHO CAME HERE LAST NIGHT WANT IT. THEY THOUGHT TO SCARE YOU OUT AN' GET IT THEMSELVES! FILE CLAIM ON IT AN' YOU'VE GOT 'EM BEATEN!

I SEE. I'LL RIDE AT ONCE AND - THANK YOU!

TIM HOLT

THE GHOST TOWN OF BLUE MESA IS MANY MILES FROM TEN MILE. THE WAY IS LONG AND HOT. TOWARD SUNSET, STELLA LARSEN MOVES THROUGH BUZZARD PASS, UNAWARE THAT THE THREE GUN SLICKS HAVE RACED BEYOND HER —

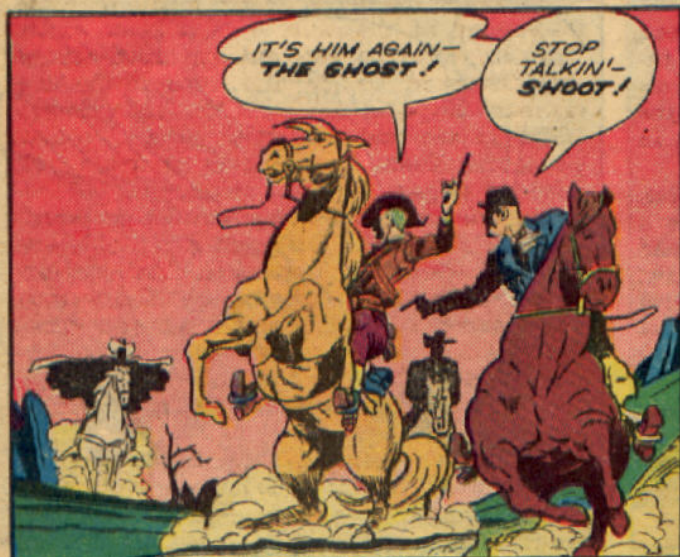


HERE SHE COMES NOW!

SHOOT HER DOWN! REMEMBER — THAT GHOST AIN'T HERE — SO, LET'S RIDE!

LESS THAN A MILE BEHIND STELLA, REX FURY HAS SHADOWED HER ALL DAY LONG. NOW HE SPURS FORWARD AS — THE GHOST RIDER!

THOSE THREE OWLHOOTS — ON THAT RIDGE UP AHEAD! SPURRING DOWN TOWARDS THAT GIRL!



IT'S HIM AGAIN — THE GHOST!

STOP TALKIN' — SHOOT!



SUDDENLY — AS THE OUTLAWS SHUDDER IN FRIGHT AND AWE — THE GHOST RIDER LOSES HIS HEAD!

Yiiiiiii!

MY HAND IS SHAKIN' SO MUCH — I CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT!

STARTLED AND SPOOKED, THE OUTLAWS' HORSES START BUCKING, WITH SHRILL WHINNIES OF FEAR...



A BLACK LARIAT! I'VE HEARD OF YOU! YOU'RE THE — THE GHOST RIDER!

YES, MA'M! AND NOW — IF YOU'LL DO ME A FAVOR...



CONTINUE ON INTO TEN MILE! TELL THE SHERIFF THREE OUTLAWS WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU AND STEAL YOUR CLAIM TO THAT GOLD AND SILVER-BEARING GROUND ARE HERE — JUST WAITING TO BE THROWN INTO JAIL!

I'LL DO IT, GHOST RIDER! AND — ALIVE OR DEAD — I'M GLAD YOU'RE MY FRIEND...



The End...

The
MULE
 And The
TRAIN

IT WAS spring in the year 1828. All along the Santa Fe trail the wagons creaked and rolled, chained casks swinging under the jangling tail-gates, the whips of the bearded drivers snapping, the oxen ploughing ahead across the dun wastes of southwestern Kansas. Part of a continent was on the march, sunlight glinting on the long rifles of the buckskin-clad trappers, and on the pistols in the holsters of the drivers.

Jeb Norwood stood in a clump of mesquite, fighting back the tears. Behind him was a charred cabin and three graves that he had dug himself. Paw was back there, and Maw, and little Cissie. He had burried them, with his Paw's shovel, and now he was alone — twelve years old, with only a gun and Paw's lop-eared mule, Temper, to call his own.

"Mebbe they'll give me a place with 'em," he muttered to the big grey mule, staring at the oncoming wagons. "I can h'ist water an' chop wood. Mebbe even I could get 'em some meat, if they'd give me some powder."

He was ragged and dirty, but there were muscles under his tanned skin, and his eyes were grey and direct. He walked like an Indian, with back straight and his long legs bent and sliding. The rifle hung, muzzle downward, over his arm.

A bearded driver saw him first and sent a stream of brown tobacco spraying beyond the rounded rump of his off wheel ox. He jerked a thumb back over his shoulder at the boy's question.

"The wagon boss is five teams back, son," said the driver. "If'n he lets yuh stay with us, yuh kin sit up here with me. Gits plumb lonesome with only these dumb oxen to palaver with!"

The wagon boss was a lean man, big in the shoulders, with long yellow hair and blue eyes. He wore two pistols strapped around his middle, with a Green River hunting knife in a bead-decorated sheath. Jeb heard the men address him as Charley. His face was grave

as Jeb told what had happened.

"Of course, son. We'll be especially since yuh own a mule."

One or two of the men looked at the others seemed indifferent. But the tall, lean man meant. He then asked, "I could stand a ball. Paw shot most of his away from Injuns."

A bearded man with a cross on his cheek grunted derisively. "It out on the sand, Charley! W young 'un like him know 'bout a gun?"

Jeb felt the red flush tinge his cheeks. He drew himself up stiffly. "I got 'em Comanches yestiddy. Only had two bullets too!"

Charley laughed softly. He said, "All right, boy. You find yoreself a wagon to latch onto, an' see me tomorrow."

Jeb found his driver friend and lashed the lead-string of the mule to a tailgate chain. Then he swung up onto the big broad seat of the Dearborn beside the tobacco-chewing teamster. The man nodded at him, and grinned. "Glad to see that wall-eyed mule o' yourn, youngster. These new-fangled oxen can pull a loaded wagon, but when it comes to —"

The driver shook his head and let his words trail off. From him, Jeb learned that this was one of a Bent, St. Vrain Company caravan, bound for Santa Fe. Its great vans and wagons were loaded with silks and metalware, guns and powder, glassware and silver. Every eye was on the lookout for Comanches of Kiowas, for they raided the wagons for its *caballada*, or horse herd.

"Seems they take a fancy to them knives we're packin', too," growled the driver, whose name was Brad. "An' beads, an' colored cloths! Huh! Reckon they'd plumb take everything that ain't nailed down tight!!!"

At night, young Jeb slept behind the shallow tail-gate, his small body packed into the narrow space under some bolts of silk. He would stare up at the stars and blink his eyes hard, remembering his mother's soft voice, and his father's hearty shout, and the happy laughter of his little sister.

And then, four nights after Jeb Norwood joined the caravan, he froze to silent immobility, as voices floated out of the night air near the tail-gate of Brad's wagon, where he lay stretched out.

"I tell ye, the time is now," said an excited voice. "They've come so far toward Sante Fe, they bean't thinkin' on Injuns no more! Why, man alive! There bean't no more guards posted of nights. Charley Bent is sleepin' right now, 'stead of worryin' 'bout any redskins!"

Jeb remembered that hoarse voice. His memory called up a bearded face marked with

TIM HOLT

ear on the cheek. It was the
ted him about shooting his
voice joined his. "But are
anches will split with us?"
from the scarred-face man.
hem beads an' cheap knives,
What use they got for sil-
Can they use gold candle-
the loot of this rich wagon
we do this right!"

ed off, their voices fading. Jeb
at, shaking with excitement.
peered over the side of the
g the canvas hood. Then he
tail-gate, lowered it, and dropped
ound. He ran swiftly as his legs could
Charley Bent's wagon.

tall, lean man was sitting with his
k propped to a big wheel, smoking his last
pe for the night. He looked up curiously at
Jeb, then grew ominously silent as Jeb talked.
"So," smiled Bent coldly. "Blackie Logan
figures to side th' Injuns ag'in us, does he?
Young un, yuh did right to come to me. How's
that mule o' your'n?"

Jeb grinned. "Gettin' fat an' sassy, lozfin'
along behind that wagon."

Bent laughed. "I'm givin' yuh a saddle. Put
it on him. Take him ridin' out in front of the
train from now on. Yuh savvy?"

His heart thudding excitedly, Jeb nodded.
The big man stooped and lifted a small par-
felche bag. "There's powder an' ball in here
for yore rifle. I'll be keepin' an eye on yuh,
son." Jeb grinned faintly, and his hand closed
tightly over the beaded parfelche bag. His
heart thumped excitedly. It was a good feel-
ing to be needed, Jeb thought.

He walked to Brad's wagon and unhitched
the rope hackamore that was tied to the end-
gate. Leading Temper, Jeb walked through
the starlight between the clumps of sotol and
ocotillo. His rifle hung, barrel downward,
across an arm. His young eyes searched the
horizon.

Jeb walked steadily through the dawn. A



mile or two behind him, the big vans were
rumbling. And he, Jeb, was being trusted to
be lookout for all that wealth back there! A
proud tingle went through his veins—

Then Temper lifted his head and brayed!

Jeb froze in his tracks. He had heard Tem-
per bray like that before! It had been when
the redskins were shooting at his Maw and
Paw—

Jeb lifted his gun and fired three times,
quickly, as fast as he could trigger his rifle.
Three shots in rapid succession was the warn-
ing of the plains. Now the wagon train moving
slowly behind him a mile or more away would
know that there were Kiowas and Comanches
somewhere up ahead. The oxen would begin
their slow swing, the huge wagons would
sway as they were drawn into a tight circle!

Bent had known, as Jeb had, that a smart
mule like Temper was worth his weight in
gold to a wagon train. There was some instinct
in mules that made them smell out Injuns
from miles away. That was why Bent had sent
young Jeb out ahead to ride point—

Jeb choked. A feathered warbonnet rose up
against the red horizon. He could see the bear-
claw necklace, the metal armlet. A warpainted
face opened a wide mouth that shrieked a war-
cry. An arrow thudded into the dust some
feet beyond Jeb.

Jeb raised his gun and fired. He saw the
Indian slip back over the rump of his pony
and drop lifeless to the ground. Jeb grinned.
"Ha! Mebbe now that man with the scar
wouldn't laugh at th' idea of me an' my rifle!"

There were other Indians now, racing to-
ward young Jeb. He jumped on Temper and
turned him, kicking his ribs with drumming
heels. "Git a move on, thar, Temper! We got
to beat them Injuns back to the wagons!"

Jeb turned on the mule and fired his rifle,
again and again. Once he saw a white man
riding among the Indians throw up his arms
and topple to the ground. "Serves him right,
th' yaller turncoat," Jeb growled.

Now the wagons were in front of him, the
prairie wind bellying their big canvas cover-
ings. Sunlight glistened on long rifle barrels
poked out from behind wagonwheels and tail-
gates. Jeb could see Charley Bent standing
with his sixguns in his hands. Bent shouted,
"Yuh're there, young 'un! Mebbe yuh'd better
turn in—see if yuh can get some shuteye
while we drive off them varmints."

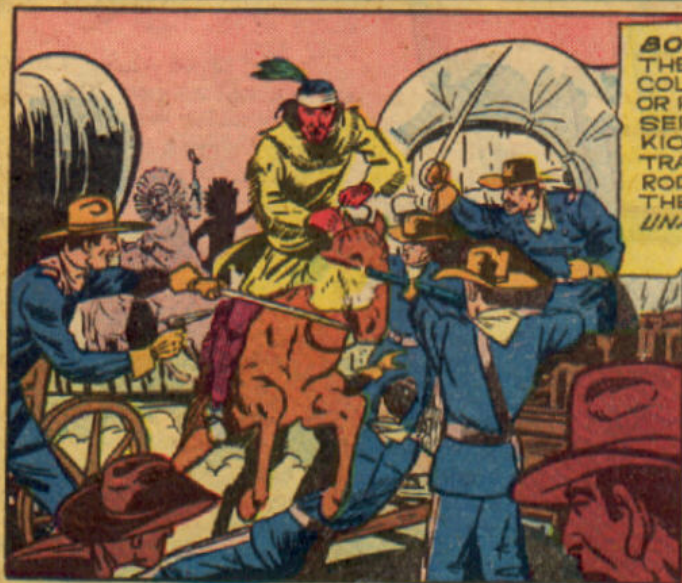
But Jeb shook his head and his eyes were
shining. "No sir. Reckon I ain't sleepy yet. I
recognized one or two of those redskins. They
finished off my Paw. I'll want to settle with
them!"

And with head held high Jeb walked on to
find a battle station, knowing that wherever
his Paw was he would be looking at him,
proud of him. . .

THE END

TIM HOLT

WESTERN RANGE



BOTALYE'S BRAVERY—THE GREATEST FEAT OF COURAGE SHOWN BY ANY OR RED, TOOK PLACE IN EARLY SEPTEMBER, 1874, WHEN KIO WAS ATTACKED AN ARMY TRAIN. BOTALYE, A YOUNG RODE FOUR TIMES IN AND THE CIRCLED U.S. SOLDIER'S UNARMED!—AND ESCAPED INJURY!

PARFLECHE BAG—A RAWHIDE BAG USED BY THE PLAINS INDIANS TO CARRY FOOD OR CLOTHING, AND SOMETIMES EVEN WEAPONS. DECORATED WITH BEADS AND QUILLS, THEY WERE ORNATE AND BEAUTIFUL.



A NORTHER WAS A FIERCE SNOW STORM THAT STRUCK AT THE MONTANA AND WYOMING CATTLE RANCHES. IF VERY FIERCE, IT RUINED ENTIRE RANCHES. IN THE GREAT WINTER OF 1888 IT STRIPPED THE RANGES OF MORE THAN TWO-THIRDS OF ITS CATTLE.



GLOSSARY...

HAZE—TO DRIVE AT A GOOD PACE, AS A HERD OF CATTLE
PULL STAKES—TO GO AWAY

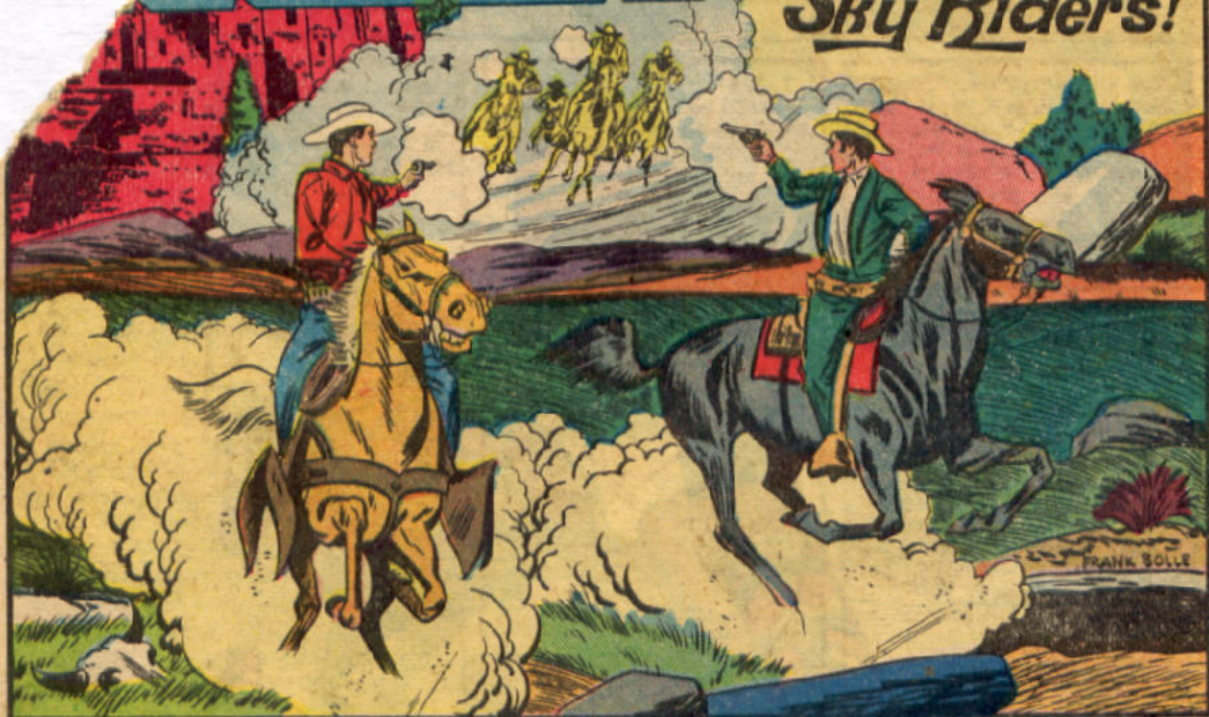
MOLT

I OUT OF THE CLOUDS THEY CAME, THESE GRIM, HARD MEN WHO RODE WITH A GUN IN ONE HAND AND A GREED-BORN CURVE HOOKING THE FINGERS OF THE OTHER. BUT, THEY WERE REAL. THEIR BULLETS KILLED. AND THEIR HORSES LEFT TRACKS —UP TO A CERTAIN POINT...!

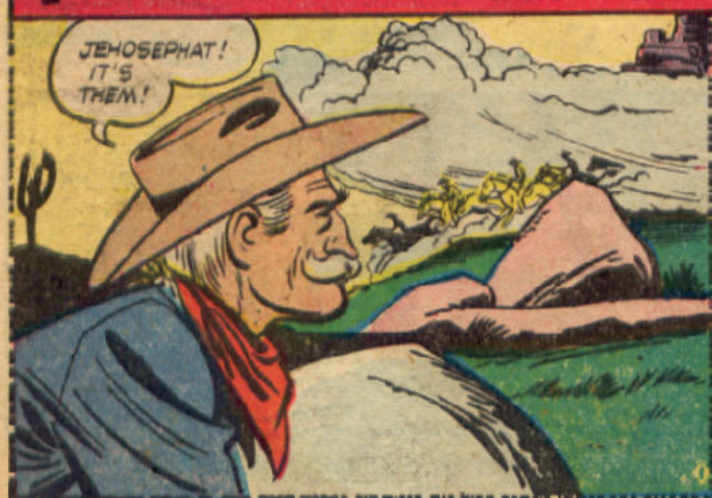
FROM THEN ON, IT WAS AS IF THE STRANGE RIDERS GALLOPED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH, TO SOME REMOTE, CLOUD-MISTY RANCH HOUSE WHERE THEY WERE SAFE.

BUT TIM HOLT AND HIS PRAIRIE-LAND PARD, CHITO, TANGLED WITH THESE WEIRD OWLHOOTS, AND MANAGED TO FIND THE ANSWER TO THE STRANGE RIDDLE OF...

"The Sky Riders!"



"THEY COME SWOOPIN' DOWN FROM THE CLOUDS THEMSELVES!"



BUT BY THE TIME THEY GOT TO THE ELK GAP STAGE, THEY WERE AS REAL AS YOU OR ME! ONE OF 'EM FLANG HISSELF IN FRONT OF THE LEAD HORSES, TH' OTHER BLAZED AWAY WITH HIS COLT!"



TIM HOLT

AS POP GENTRY FINISHES HIS TALE OF THE SKY RIDERS, TIM DOWNS HIS GLASS OF CHILLED MILK...



ORDINARILY, I'D LAUGH AT THAT STORY, CHITO. BUT SINCE I'M CARRY MORE THAN FIFT THOUSAND DOLLAR OF OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY —

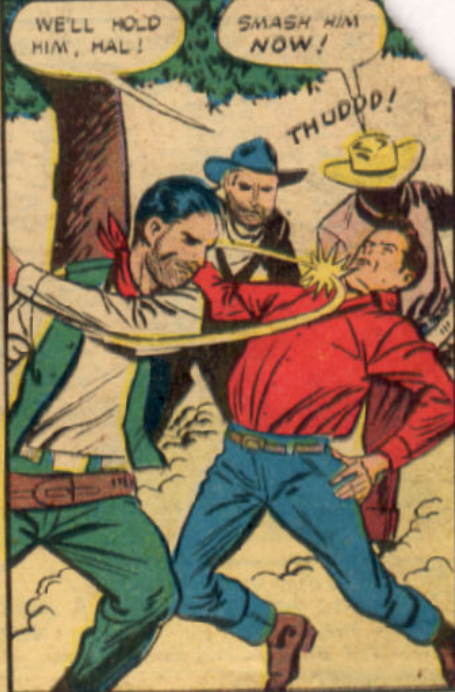


FOR DAY AFTER DAY, TIM RIDES SOUTH, THE MONEY IN HIS WAR-BAG SEEMS HEAVIER AND HEAVIER. IT IS HIS FRIENDS' MONEY—CASH FROM THE SALE OF THEIR CATTLE IN ABILENE, AND IT PREYS ON HIS MIND. THEN, EARLY ONE MORNING, HIS WORRY BECOMES TANGIBLE AS HE IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE...



I JUST... OPENED MY EYES WHEN... YOU LANDED... ON ME!

MIGHT AS WELL... GIVE UP... HOMBRE!



ALMOST OUT ON HIS FEET, BUT FIGHTING WITH DAZED FEROCITY, TIM CARRIES HIS ASSAILANTS BACKWARD...

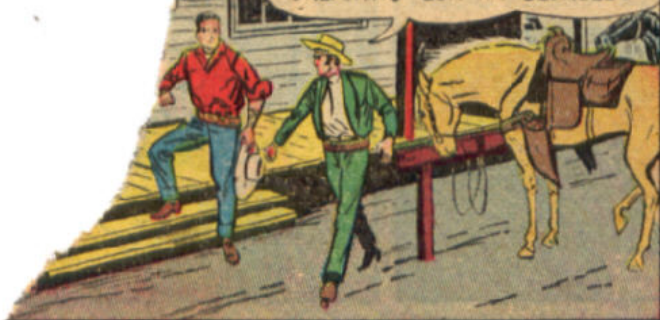
GOT TO... HOLD 'EM OFF... UNTIL CHITO... CAN GIVE ME... A HAND!



TIM HOLT

HAUSTED RIDERS SLIDE FROM THEIR SADDLES EAGLE. THERE IS EXHAUSTION AND PAIN IN

WE ARE LUCKY FOR NOT BE DEAD, TIM! ONE OF THEM WAS HIT ME WHILE I AM BE STILL DREAMING EEN MY BEDROLL!



WE'LL REST UP FOR A FEW DAYS. GET OUR STRENGTH BACK. THEN WE'RE GOING BACK TO EAGLE VALLEY!

EES BE GOOD IDEA TO LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE HOMERES, EH? MAYBE ASK FOLKS IN TOWN WHAT EET EES THEY ARE FOR KNOWING!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, WILLING TONGUES PAINT A GRIM PICTURE TO TIM...

THEY HOLD UP STAGE-COACHES AND TRAINS! THEY KEEP EVERYONE IN THE VALLEY PARALYSED WITH FRIGHT!

SURE, I'VE FOLLOWED THEM. I SERVED WITH THREE POSSES. I TELL YUH, THEY GOT MAGIC HORSES.

I HEAR PLENTY OF GOSSIP OVER MY BAR! THEY COME FROM THE CLOUDS! DON'T ASK ME HOW- BUT THEY DO!



FOUR DAYS LATER, THEIR WARBAGS CRAMMED WITH FOOD, THEIR BIG CANTEENS FILLED WITH SPRING WATER, TIM AND CHITO GALLOP INTO THE ROCKY HILLS.

I'VE GIVEN OUT THAT THOSE OWLHOOTS MISSED ANOTHER THIRTY THOUSAND - SAID IT WAS IN MY LEFT BOOT. I RECKON THAT OUGHT TO FETCH THEM AGAIN!

I AM NOT SO SURE I AM AS HAPPY ABOUT THEE IDEA AS YOU ARE SEEM TO BE!



BUT NOW TIM NEVER SLEEPS AT NIGHT! HE DOZES BY DAY IN THE SADDLE, BUT WHEN THE STARS COME OUT...

LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE CAUGHT A FISH - WITH US AS BAIT!



GOT YOU!

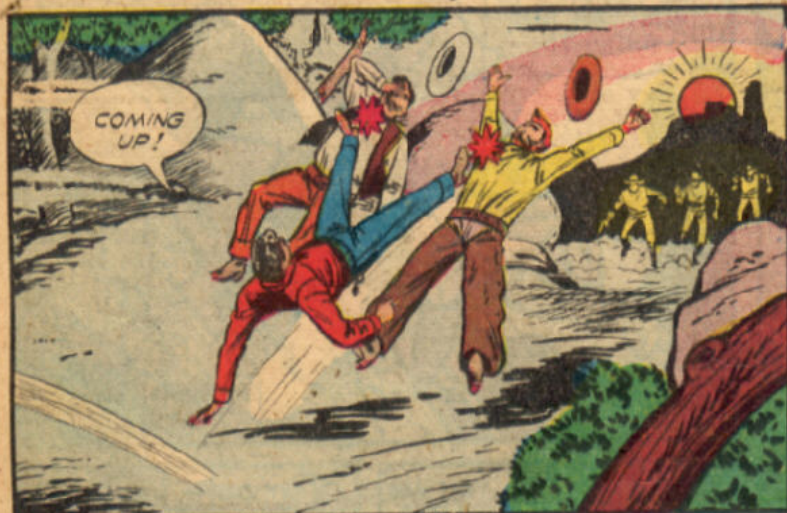
WHA—?



TONIGHT IS GOING TO TELL A DIFFERENT STORY, MISTER!



TIM HOLT



BUT CHITO'S ACCURATE RIFLE FIRE IS HAMMERING HOME HOT LEAD-EN ARGUMENTS IN THE FACES OF THE SNARLING OUTLAWS...

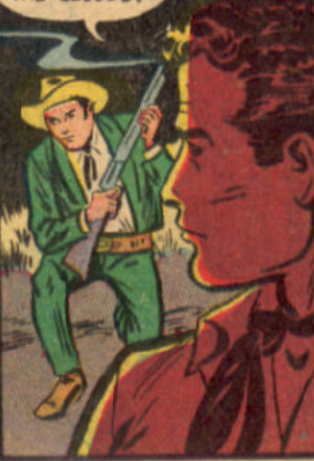
THET RANNY CAN SHOOT LIKE A GATLIN' GUN!

I DUNNO 'BOUT YUH GENTS — BUT I'M HIGHTAILIN' OUT O' HERE!

ME, TOO!



LET THEM GO, CHITO. GIVE THEM A HEAD START! WE'LL FOLLOW AFTERWARD. I WANT TO LEARN THE SECRET BEHIND THEIR JOURNEY INTO THE CLOUDS!



AFTER BINDING THE UNCONSCIOUS OUTLAWS FOR THE SHERIFF TO FIND, THE PRAIRIELAND PARTNERS MOVE SWIFTLY UP INTO THE MALPAIS, UNTIL...

EY! EES FONNY! THE TRACKS ARE ENDING HERE —

HUH — IT'S AL- MOST AS IF THEY JUST KEPT ON RIDING — STRAIGHT UP INTO THE SKY — AS EVERY- ONE SAYS THEY DO...



TIM HOLT

BEYOND THE
L AROUND ITS
PRINTS. BAFFLED,
HIDE CIRCLE...

THERE MUS'
BE SOME SECRET
TUNNELING EEN
ROCKS! WE
DEED NOT SEE
EET!

LOOKS THAT
WAY, RECKON
IT'S **THEIR**
ROUND,
CHITO...

HOLD ON!
THERE THEY
ARE NOW—
UP THERE!

WE CAN STILL GET
THEM! DIG DIRT,
LIGHTNING!

HOURS LATER, TIM SPEAKS BITTERLY
IN THE NIGHT...

LOST THEM!
WE'LL NEVER FIND
THEM IN THIS CRAZY
COUNTRY OF ROCK
AND LAVA GROUND...

EES THAT
WE ARE
BEATEN, EH?

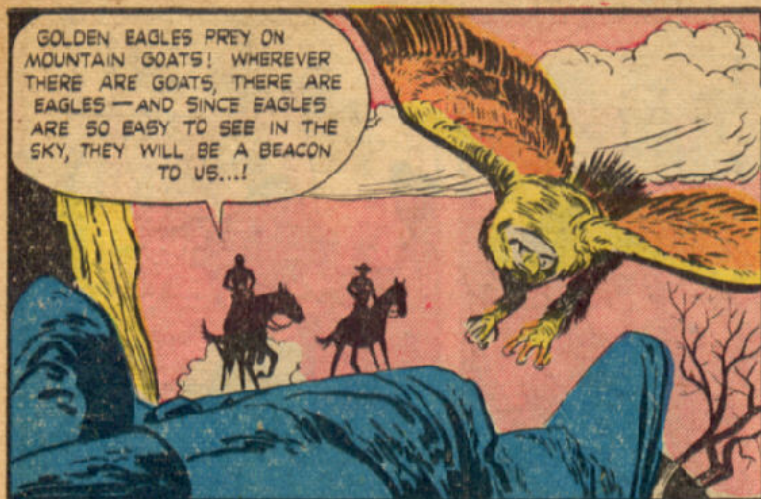
MAYBE WE AREN'T
BEATEN YET, CHITO!
I'VE AN IDEA HOW
WE CAN TRAIL
THOSE RANNIES!
REMEMBER THOSE
MOUNTAIN GOATS
WE SAW NEAR
THOSE OWLHOOTS?

TIM! ARE
YOU GONE
LOCOP? ARE
YOU EXPECT
THESE GOATS
TO BE TELL
US WHERE
THE
OUTLAWS
ARE?

NEXT DAY—

THE MOUNTAIN
GOATS WON'T TELL
US BUT THAT GOLDEN
EAGLE WILL ...!

TIM HOLT

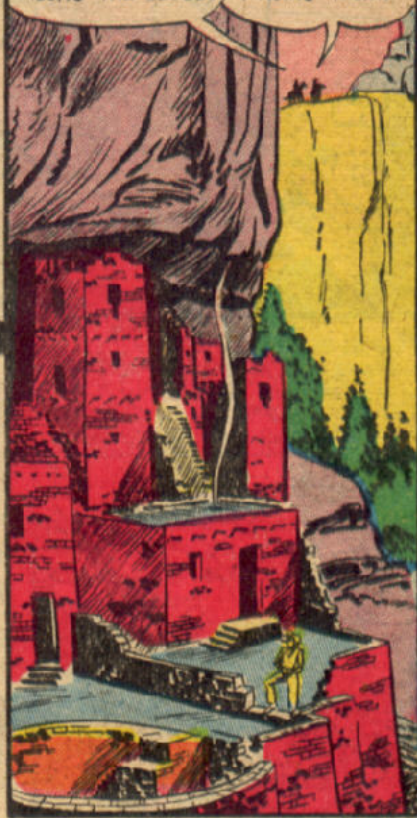


GOLDEN EAGLES PREY ON MOUNTAIN GOATS! WHEREVER THERE ARE GOATS, THERE ARE EAGLES—AND SINCE EAGLES ARE SO EASY TO SEE IN THE SKY, THEY WILL BE A BEACON TO US...!

DOWN THERE, CHITO! THAT OLD CLIFF DWELLER'S PALACE! THERE'S SMOKE COMING FROM A CHIMNEY—AND AN OUTLAW WALKING ALONG THE LEDGE!

EES NO WONDERING THEY THEENK TO BE FROM CLOUDS! NO ONE BUT HUMAN FLY LIKE YOU EES BE ABLE FINDING THEM!

WITH THE AGILITY OF THE MOUNTAIN GOATS THEMSELVES, TIM AND CHITO BOUND FROM ROCK TO ROCK, MOVING ALWAYS DOWNWARDS, TOWARD THE CLIFF HOMES—



MADE IT!

NOW THAT WE ARE BE MAKING EET, EET SEEMS TO ME THAT WE ARE GO THROUGH BEEG TROUBLE TO GET OURSELVES KILLED!



WE HAVE THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE WITH US, CHITO. THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE HERE!

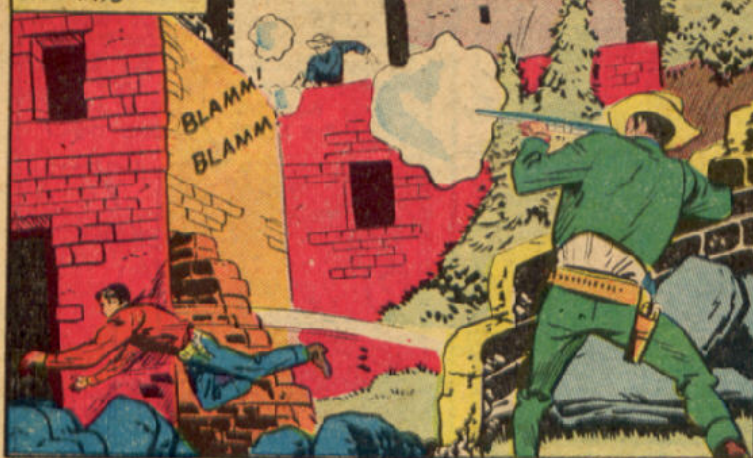


YUH LOCO IDJUT! WE HEARD YUH LAND ON THE LEDGE! NOW—HERE'S WHERE YUH GIT KILLED!

BLAMM!

TIM HOLT

HIS LEGS LIKE GIANT SPRINGS UNDER HIM, TIM LUNGES SIDEWAYS —



THE GUNSHOTS BRING A FLOOD OF OUTLAWS TO THE WINDOWS OF THE NEARBY HOUSES. CAUGHT IN A CROSS-FIRE OF BULLETS, TIM AND CHITO RACE FOR COVER, AND DISCOVER —



WEAKENED BY CENTURIES OF TIME, BAKED BY SUN AND LASHED BY WIND AND RAIN, THE WALL TOPPLES WITH A CRASH OF BRICK AND DUST!



TWO DAYS LATER, A THIN LINE OF DUSTY, BEDRAGGLED "SKY RIDERS" FILE INTO EAGLE, EXHAUSTED AND WORN...



THE
END

**NEW THRILLING ADVENTURE STORIES FROM THE
EXCITING DAYS OF THE WEST!**

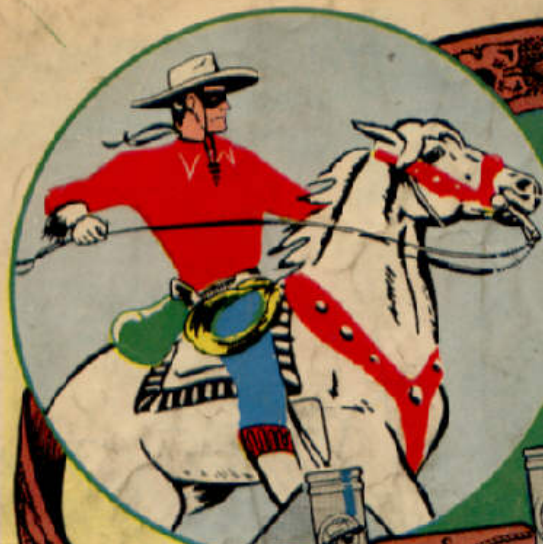


**STRAIGHT
ARROW**

The
**DURANGO
KID**



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HI-YO! KIDS!

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BLUE for secret
GREEN for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

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